

you might think I'm crazy, the way I've been cravin'

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by [Sasusc](#)

Summary

Written for Sintember 2022 Day 16 prompt: Free Day Philia. Smut with some plot. Daryl starts having some weird dreams and fantasies about Beth Greene. Beth catches Daryl in shower moaning her name.

Winner of 2022 Moonshine Awards for Best Completed Smut

Notes

Prison-era, No Woodbury folks. Title taken from Ariana Grande's song "35+35"

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

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DARYL

He never had kinks before...at least they never manifested before now. He was never like his older brother, Merle, who constantly thought of sex and women and how to get his dick wet. Merle was always talking about big titties and tight pussies and that he was a breast man but had a thing about fucking a girl in the ass especially if he had to coax her into it. That was never him. The need for sex never affected him much once he reached adulthood like it had for his brother and dad. He filled his needs and was done. His hand worked the same as a woman if he couldn't find a clean girl to fuck at the bar. Merle and their dad used to throw girls at him when he was teenager, telling him he could be a real man if he fucked them. His hormones made it easy to not care about the girl and just used her to get off. But once he was away from their influences and living on his own for awhile--Merle was locked up at the time--he started noticing the girls they had thrown at him were constantly drunk or high. He started losing pleasure in fucking those girls. Some might say he started having standards, but he rather find his release from his own hand then feel disgusted at taking advantage of those girls. It was just a step above a rapist, and he would never do that to a woman. He had seen too much shit and girls with dead eyes to go there.

So it came as a shock when he started having dreams about little Beth Greene and knocking her up. He knew there was a name for it, but he was afraid to even think of it. He tried to stay away from her. Leaving on runs and going hunting; but as soon as he got back to the Prison, his eyes would always inadvertently seek her out. And she was always holding the baby. He had to start making a quick getaway when he found her so no one would notice his dick getting hard. He would storm up to his cell, drop his things off, and then make his way up to the rooftop to smoke in an attempt to cool off. Lately, he started getting one off so that by the next time he was around Beth, his dick wouldn't give himself away. He found himself up on

the rooftop cumming all over his hands more often now. Images of filling up Beth with his cum and her belly rounding with his child drove him to come fast and hard.

He never even wanted kids before this. He's always thought the world didn't need another Dixon. Merle might have gotten a girl or two knocked up but they both had thought any kids would be better off not knowing them. And now when he saw Judith in Beth's arms or she came to him and deposit the baby in his arms when she needed to change her shirt, all kinds of shit ran through his head. Like what if Beth really was Judith's mama and he was the daddy...that he had fucked her so hard and so deep and Judith was the result of it... Then Rick or Carol would come and take the baby and he would lead Beth back to his cell and they would spend their remaining time trying to give Judith a sibling.

God, but he was so fucked up. Judith wasn't theirs, and Beth wasn't his. And now wasn't the time for having babies and especially having babies with a goddamn teenager. He needed to shut this shit down and bury this crazy fucked up fantasy that haunted his dreams. He needed to stop daydreaming about playing house with Beth. Their whole weird ass family would kick him out if they ever caught wind of his thoughts. His brother would be slapping his back and laughing, probably saying something about being proud that his baby brother was finally into some kinky shit.

BETH

Beth wasn't sure when it started, but she finally realized Daryl was trying to avoid her. It was subtle and she thought she was being paranoid in the beginning, but it was obvious today. Daryl had been out hunting for their group. He left yesterday and came back with a buck on his shoulders. He dropped the deer at Carol's feet and froze when he saw her standing off to the side. She had little Judith in her arms and the baby was being extra grabby today. She was constantly adjusting her clothing to cover herself up after Judith decided to pull it down. And when she wasn't doing that, Judith was pulling her necklace into her mouth and drowling all down her chest. She even thought it was so funny at the sounds Beth would make when she decided to blow raspberries on her neck and collarbone which left even more baby spit all over her skin and shirt.

Beth knew, between the Georgia heat and baby slobber, that her tank top was about ready to be done for the day. It was getting too wet and sticky to wear. And Daryl was looking at her and she had to wonder if he was noticing how wet and disgusting she was looking. She wasn't as presentable as she wanted to be when running into Daryl.

She had noticed how good-looking Daryl was back on her family's farm. She might have had a boyfriend at the time, but there was no comparison between Jimmy and Daryl. Jimmy was still a boy--all sweet and innocent. She liked him well enough when they were going to school to agree to date him. Jimmy was never going to be the boy she married. He was just the first boy to ask her out but it didn't take long for the novelty of having a cute boyfriend wore off. And then the world ended before she could break it off and Jimmy was just there. But then Rick and Shane came along and the rest of their group was camping on the farm. Beth saw she could have more options than the boy next door. There were people beyond the treelines...and good people too. She had been wary of the bad boy that rode in on his bike with his sleeves cut off. He had been so angry back then. But she eventually saw through his tough exterior. He was a good guy underneath all of the hurt and pain he threw out to protect himself. The world had ended and he lost his brother right before they met. She heard the stories from Lori and Glenn and T-Dog about what kind of man Merle Dixon had been and how fortunate she was that she never had to meet the man. It must be hard to miss his brother amongst all these people that probably cheered when they learned he was gone. And he had tried so hard to find Carol's little girl. So she knew somewhere deep down, he was a good man. And the more she saw of him over the winter on the run, the bigger her crush became.

And her heart just melted the day Judith was born and Daryl had given her her first bottle. Since then, she used every excuse Judith provided for her to be around him. He never complained or told her to leave him alone. He was always quick to take the baby from her when she needed to feed herself or if she needed to switch out her shirt for a spit-free one. Daryl was always awake in the early hours and would take over the first feeding so she could take a quick shower before the rest of their family was awake. Beth liked to pretend some mornings that he was her husband and she was his wife and they were taking care of their little baby. But she always shook those thoughts away when she went to collect the baby and Daryl would walk away without saying a word. They weren't a real family. He wouldn't look at her as a man would look at a woman. He probably only saw some bratty teenage girl who was constantly under foot and pushing a baby into his arms. She didn't have any make up to age her up, or had curves like her sister to draw a man's attention. She was just plain dorky Beth Greene who stayed inside these prison walls and watched over a baby.

Judith pulled at her top, and most of her small breast was exposed--the edge of the tank top catching on her nipple and preventing it from revealing her whole breast. Daryl's hands tighten on the strap of his crossbow and his squinty eyes practically closed as it narrowed on her chest. He turned and stomped into their home. Beth hastily tugged her shirt up as her face flushed in embarrassment. She hadn't put a bra on this morning. She only had one good bra left and it was currently hanging up to dry. It wasn't like she needed to wear one anyways, so she hadn't bothered to wear her extra one that wasn't very comfortable. But now she wished she had suffered wearing that bra.

Beth grabbed at Judith's hand and pressed it to her chest. "Lets go inside, Jude. Carl said he would watch over you today so I could take a break."

It only took a few minutes to find the teenager and hand him his sister. She hurried to her cell and pulled out a change of clothes, glad she still had a set of clean clothes to change into. She also grabbed a towel and her bath things. The sweat and slobber needed to come off her skin.

DARYL

Daryl all but ran to his cell. Beth had been out in the yard with Lil Asskicker on her hip. His blood was already heated from carrying the deer carcass back. The sun was high in the sky and there hadn't been many clouds overhead. The woods had offered shade on part of his walk back, but a quarter of the walk was out in the open. He was dripping with sweat by the time he made it back to the Prison. And when he spotted her, he froze as he took in the sight of her.

She was wearing cut-off jean shorts that showed off her lean, shapely legs and a thin pink tank top. She had a thin layer of sweat forming, but it was the wet spots on her chest that drew his eyes. Her shirt was gripped tightly in Judith's little hand and right over her left breast was a noticeable wet spot. And his mind flashed back to his dream last night where Beth had been spread across his lap riding him hard. She still wore one of her numerous tank tops but this one was basically see-through and her nipples were leaking milk as she bounced on top of him. She wasn't pregnant like she sometimes was in his wet dreams of late, but he noticed a baby crib in the corner of the room and a stuffed animal laying forgotten on the corner of the bed. He pumped into her as she lifted a hand to her engorged breast and played with a nipple. Milk gushed out and soaked into her top, the liquid seeping through the thin material to drip off her fingers.

Now she was here before him and he could easily imagined the the wet stain on her chest was breast milk. His dick was instantly hard. He tightened his hands on his crossbow strap to try to ground him. But he was a goner the second the baby tugged on her shirt and exposed most of her tit.

He barely managed to mumble something to Carol before he took off, striding into the Prison. He needed a cold shower and a quick release.

BETH

She was already inside the shower room before she noticed the sound of running water. They had schedules for showers, half of them taking a morning shower and the other half waited until after dinner. The middle of the day was usually free; mostly because everyone was busy keeping their group running--cooking, gardening, Walker duties. Some people liked to shower after coming back from a run but nobody had been out except Daryl, and he usually waited to be the last one to take a shower for the day...if he even took one that day. Daryl had never been bothered by the dirt and the grime that was now part of their everyday lives. Beth, like most of them, had stopped being bothered about being cleaned most of the time after a few months on the road. But once they had rigged up this shower system, the novelty of being able to wash had been hard to resist.

Daryl had to be the one in the showers now. Her dad and Rick had been out in the gardens and working with the handful of livestock they had. Carol was cooking and she just handed the baby off to Carl. Everyone else was either on lookout, Walker duty, or clearing out more of the Prison.

She paused, clutching her bundle of clothing and bath items, and listened to see if Daryl had heard her enter. She knew the reason he wanted to be the last one in the showers was because he was self-conscious of the scars on his back. Most of their family had seen them at one point or another. She had gotten a close up look back on the farm when she helped her dad patch Daryl up when he fell off her horse, stabbed himself with his arrow, and had gotten shot by Andrea. They had an unspoken agreement not to mention Daryl's back. Living in close quarters didn't lend to privacy.

"Beth..."

It was a low groan that she barely heard. She thought she had been quiet when she entered and that maybe she could easily leave before he noticed her, saving both of them the embarrassment.

"Fuck me, girl." A moan accompanied it.

Her eyes widen as it finally clicked. He had rush to the showers to touch himself--and he was thinking about her while doing it. Beth bit her lip. She knew she should walk away, but there

was another part of her--the wild child part of her that had coaxed Jimmy into skinny dipping and having sex with her in the school library--that wanted to undress and join him.

She hadn't known that he felt that way about her at all. She had hoped her little crush had remained hidden. Maggie had suspected, but so far she hadn't said anything to her over it. A few eyebrow raises and a smirk once when Beth had tripped over her feet after watching Daryl dump a bucket of water over his head after a long day of heavy work. But if she had suspected Daryl had seen her as more than just a dumb kid, she might have done something about this crush beside trying to bury it. And now she was being presented with an opportunity to act on her crush instead of waiting in the dead of the night to get herself off to images of Daryl Dixon. She could have the real thing. And something told her that Daryl didn't have any plans to act on his fantasies--not any time soon. Daryl didn't think highly of himself and he always seemed shy and awkward talking to people--a combination she knew meant that he wouldn't act on his desires. Maybe he was waiting for a sign from her that she would be open to his advances?

Another harsh moan filled the air.

Beth quietly dropped her items on the floor and quickly yanked her tank top over her head. She stepped out of her socks and shoes and then wiggled out of her shorts and underwear. She tugged the hairband out of her hair, snapping it onto her wrist for safe keeping. She shook her hair out and used her fingers to fluff it. There wasn't a mirror around--they had some by the sinks at the other end of the room--so she could only hope that she looked okay...that he wouldn't laugh or turn her away as soon as he saw her.

If Maggie had taught her anything, it was that a woman needed to take matters into her own hands if she truly wanted something. And she wanted Daryl Dixon.

She stepped farther into the room and around the curtains they hung for privacy. Daryl was standing under the spray, his back against the wall and his hand stroking his cock. His head was tilted back with his eyes closed. Beth was taking in the sight, filing away each little detail. The tattoo above a nipple, the scars she had helped her daddy stitch up and care for at the farm, the glistening abs and muscular arms, his wet hair matted to his skull, his fingers wrapped around a hard cock. Beth felt herself flush with desire as she watched his slow even strokes up and down his length. Watched how he squeezed and rolled his thumb across the head.

She was halfway across the room and only a few feet away from him when he must have sensed her presence. His eyes opened slowly and his hand paused on a squeeze.

"Beth."

She took a step closer. He tensed at her movement, a frown crossing his lips. He tried to keep from looking down, but she saw the way his eyes traveled down her naked body and back up before meeting her eyes.

She took another step closer, her feet getting wet. She hadn't thought far enough to know what to say to him. Maybe she could be a little mysterious by not saying anything. Beth reached out, her hand passing through the water and landing on his stomach. He sucked in a breath. Their eyes stayed locked as she moved closer and under the spray. Before she knew it, only the back of her was getting wet and her front was brushed up against Daryl's. His hand had released his cock and was now pressed against the back wall. She didn't know if it was to help him keep his balance or to keep his hands from reaching for her. His dick was hot and hard between them, the tip barely glazing her stomach. She reached up on her tiptoes and placed a kiss on his strong jaw.

She slowly ran her palm up the sleek skin, feeling the fine hairs on his chest beneath her hand. Her other hand found his bicep and squeezed. She started trailing kisses along his jaw and then down his throat. She used her teeth to catch a bit of skin and bite down. Daryl groaned. Her right hand slid lower and lower until it found his cock and wrapped her fingers around it. She squeezed and stroked down to its tip.

"Girl," he half growled, half groaned. "What are you doing?"

"What does it look like?"

She glanced up into his eyes, a small smirk painted across her lips. She started to lower herself to her knees when her world spun and she was lifted against the wall, Daryl's body pressed against hers and his hands spread across her ass cheeks. Her legs were quick to wrap around his hips. She gasped as she felt the hard length of his cock rub against her.

Daryl stared at her face, searching for something she wasn't sure of. She leaned forward, her forehead touching his and a hand wrapped around the back of his neck, her fingers digging into his wet hair.

"Don't think, Daryl. We both want this. Fuck me. I know you want to." She dug her heels into his ass, pushing their lower bodies even closer. They both groaned. "Please...please don't deny me this, Daryl."

He squeezed her ass as his head fell to her shoulder. Beth wrapped her arms around his head and laid hers on top of his. Both of their breathing was ragged.

"Girl..."

He gave one small thrust, his cock rubbing between her folds. Her arms tightened before she pulled his face up to hers and finally kissed him on the lips. It wasn't a sweet kiss like it had always been with Jimmy. This was hard, teeth crashing, and tongues dueling. This was them trying to crawl inside each other and lay their claim on the other. This wasn't a kiss between a girl and a boy; this was a kiss between a man and a woman.

Another thrust pressed her harder against the wall. One of his hands traveled up her side and around the front to a breast. His palm was rough against her sensitive nipple. She couldn't prevent the tortured moan from leaving her lips even if she wanted to. His fingers pinched and twisted at the hard nub. Tingles of pleasure traveled throughout her body. She had never felt like this before...not with Jimmy and not even when she touched herself. She liked sex and orgasms; but if Daryl could make this feel so incredible with just this much, she was never going to want to stop having sex with him. Ever.

"Beth, girl."

She quickly shoved her hand between them, snaking it between her legs to find his cock. Anything he was planning to say sputtered out of existence as he surged forward into her fist.

"Daryl! Fuck me. Fuck me, please," she begged him. She angled him, feeling his tip catch on her entrance. "Please, Daryl," she whispered directly into his ear. Her tongue flicked out licking his earlobe before catching it between her teeth and tugging slightly.

His next thrust went deep inside of her. There was a short pause as they both adjusted to the new sensations. She leaned back slightly to catch his eyes, wanting some kind of proof that this was okay. His eyes were dark with desire and he was biting his bottom lip. She nodded and he pulled out slightly before pushing back in, his hands slipping back to her span her hips to pull her even further down on his cock.

Beth never felt so full. Daryl started with a slow rhythm, slowly lifting her up and then allowing gravity to pull her back down. Her lips found his neck, biting down when he was completely seated inside of her. She wasn't sure how long they stayed at the slow pace, but she felt his body starting to tremble underneath her. He lifted her completely off of him and set her down on the floor. The water from the shower having automatically turned off at some point.

He reached for her hand and tugged her down to the floor. He sat with his back against the wall and pulled her into his lap. She quickly centered herself over him and sank down. Her hands found his shoulders and she used them as leverage to ride him up and down. His hands were back on her waist and held her tightly, fingers digging into her skin, as he thrust up into her. Their rhythm was faster in this new position, each of them chasing each other to the finish line.

"Fuck me, girl. Beth. Fuck!"

"Yes! Yes!"

She exploded in a million pieces as he thrust as deep as he could, holding her down as he came deep inside of her. He was mumbling something into her neck...something about babies...but it wasn't registering through her brain just yet.

They sat that way for a while trying to catch their breaths. Then she felt him tense under her before he shifted her off of him. She curled into his side resting her head against his arm.

" 'm sorry, girl."

"For what?" She turned to stare at him.

He looked worried...a little bit afraid before turning away from her. "What I did...what I said," he mumbled.

"Giving me a mind-blowing orgasm? The best fuck of my life?"

He drew his knees up to his chest. There was a blush spreading across his cheeks and turning his ears red. She would have said he looked cute if she hadn't realized something was wrong.

"I came inside you. I said I wanted to make a baby with ya."

"Oh."

Beth only just now felt the wet stickiness between her legs. She wasn't sure how she should feel about that statement. She's always wanted kids, and no matter how much she loved Judith and like pretending they were a real family when Daryl helped her with the baby, she knew now wasn't the time to be having babies. Plus she and Daryl still needed to talk. Sex did not automatically make them be in a relationship. That was another thing Maggie taught her. They needed to talk and both be on the same page. She knew she wanted something more. Daryl might only want this.

"Do you want kids?" she asked softly.

Daryl hid behind his hair. "Never wanted them before."

"I've always wanted them." Daryl hunched farther into his knees at her words. "But not right now. Judy is a handful. I can't imagine trying to care for both her and a new baby at the same time. I'm sure everyone would help. Same as they are for Judith." She scooted closer, placing

her hand on his bicep. "Maggie has some morning after pills. She grabs them every time she sees them. Some have expired, but I'll find ones that aren't yet--to be safer." She smirked. "I even know where she stashes her condoms."

He turned his head to stare at her.

"What?" she said.

"You ain't mad?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I ambushed you in the showers. Its not like I thought about protection either." She bite her lip as she gathered her thoughts. "Maggie had this friend who had a boyfriend that got turned on thinking about impregnating her. I used to hear them talk about it on the phone. Maggie has a thing about sex in public places and getting caught. It's why her and Glenn are always having sex in the watchtower. I got a biting kink. Being bitten...biting... Jimmy was never into it. He was always afraid someone would see the marks. Everyone's got something."

"Mmmm."

Daryl still looked unsure. Beth stood up and quickly went to grab her bath things. She sat it down next to the shower and pulled on their shower system to start another shower going. He hadn't moved from his spot except to follow her movements.

"Come here, Daryl," she said softly.

He climbed to his feet. Beth reached out and pulled him under the water with her. They didn't speak as Beth washed first her hair and then his. She was reaching for her loofah to squeeze some of her soap onto it when Daryl took it from her. He lathered up loofah and then started rubbing it across her shoulders and collarbone.

Beth wished she knew what he was thinking. He had been watching her intensely this whole time. She hoped she had calmed down some of his fears and put him at ease. She had a feeling that this might have been a new kink that recently popped up--that he wasn't even comfortable thinking about it. Jimmy had made her feel weird in the beginning of their sex life when she tried to get him to bite her. It took a few weeks and a talk with Maggie and some of her friends to feel okay about enjoying that kink. Maggie had said she'll eventually find someone who wouldn't mind it or even enjoy it as much as she did. She wanted to bring that to Daryl...to help him find acceptance even in their fucked up world where even the thought of being pregnant would terrify anyone. They didn't have doctors or modern medicines anymore. They already lost Lori to a difficult labor. It had to be fresh on all of their minds what kind of danger a pregnancy presented. Getting off on getting someone pregnant must be terrifying right now. She was lucky that Maggie was on top of finding and bringing back contraceptives for herself. It shouldn't be hard to convince her to start sharing. And she might even have some ideas for them to use to be safe and still give into any fantasies he might have. If he was willing to continue doing this with her.

She turned her back to him to allow him to wash her back. She lifted her hair over her shoulder to keep it out of his way. He was gentle but efficient on her back as he had been with her front.

"Have you ever washed anyone before?"

"No," he said after a while.

She waited until he was done before turning back and taking the loofah from him. She added more soap and started on his chest. Beth couldn't take her time washing him as she wanted. The shower system they rigged up only stayed on for so long and it was frowned upon to use too much of their water. Although, she doubted anyone would say anything to Daryl if he used more than his share of the shower water.

"You got any plans later tonight? I'm off baby duty tonight."

"Mmmm. Lookout."

Beth stood on her tiptoes and pressed a kiss to the corner of his mouth. "I'll find you later, then."

She quickly toweled off and hastily threw on her clothes. "Bye Daryl!"

She took one more glance behind her and smiled back at him. He was just standing there in the shower dripping wet. His eyes half lidded as he stared back at her, an unreadable expression on his face. Maggie and Glenn should still be on lookout so she could sneak into their cell and find those pills and condoms. She was hoping after a little talk later tonight, that he would still want to keep having sex with her. She wasn't about to let him get hung up over his kink, and she definitely didn't want to stop having amazing sex with him. One time was not enough. Never enough.

End Notes

Just wanted to thank everyone who nominated and voted for this fic for the 2022 Moonshine Awards.

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